THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1321.

Original Poem.

"I AM GLAD I WAS BORN TO DIE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Oh a weary, weary stride is this,
And a stormy stream this Time,
Rolling on through a desert wilderness,
In a strange, forbidden clime!
Where flowers of sin and sweet vices are dress'd,
And whose grave all hidden lie,
Oh who would forever linger here?
I am glad I was born to die.

I lift my eyes to the rolling stars,
And I long to fly away!
I would speed with the cold and re-fresh-ful jars,
But alas for this lagging clay!
Yet a voice from the stars—from a voice from the sea,
A voice from the wind and sky,
Breathes the song of a better hope to me,—
I am glad I was born to die.

I hear it whispered in the gales,
In those sad sea waves I see,
I see it in the naked vales,
With their sheets of Summer strewn,
How there lies a better a-brother land,
Far, far in the upper sky
With its gardens of fruit and its breezes bland,
I am glad I was born to die.

Oh, woe is the dreams of our early days!
For how few—how few!
When the spring comes red as their garden ways,
And their Eden-like bowers blue,
But I dream of a better, a beautiful clime,
Deep, deep in the upper sky,
With its golden roads and its serene sublime,
And am glad I was born to die!

Strange Adventure.

THE COAL MINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLAY CLAYTON.

It was in the summer of 1844, that I set off from Philadelphia in company with a gay party of ladies and gentlemen, on a visit to the mineral district of Pennsylvania. The truth of the matter is, that I was my bridal tour; which in romance is the usual appendage to the first year's more honored in the breach than the observance," I had been induced to make instead of setting down at once to the sober realities of home, and bidding adieu, for a time at least, to the excitements of the gay world. But this last, Mary said, was all nonsense—a mere excuse, which we would have to accept a long round of entertainments in our honor, and also advised me, therefore as a single man, to stick to, yield to the fashionable practice, and reluctantly, if travelling can be call-ed reluctating, in the mountain regions of our native State.

Accompanied, therefore, by half a dozen of our young friends, who had discharged very assiduously the responsible offices of bridesmaids and groomsmen upon the joyful occasion of our marriage, we set Philadelphia one bright day in August, and, rather stage, which we had chartered for the tour, for Pottsville, the emporium of the mining district.

As the principal object of our journey lather would not be very entertaining to readers in general, I shall hurry on to that in which it more particularly might be of some interest to those who are fond of hearing

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach;"

and of all other things that partake in the least degree of the marvellous.

We had waited out to visit a coal-mine in the neighborhood of Pottsville—had descended to the inclined shaft as far as the ladies could go without being covered over with dirt and mud, had joined a good deal about prospects; some of the supporting planks giving way and burying us alive in the depths of the earth and had again reached the water-level, and it was not until the last division of the mine,—not without, by the way, a feeling of relief, in spite of all our pride, that we were a stranger in the least danger—when a foolish impulse induced me to leave the party secretly, for the purpose of gaining ascendency by my female, the summit of a bold rock which jutted out like a nose from the face of a high wooded hill behind us. In order to ascend the hill, however, I first required a considerable effort to the right: and while I was slowly climbing to its top, half-conscious already that I was playing rather too fast for my wind, I came across an opening in the hill-side, which had evidently been intended as the beginning of a mine, but which, probably from the want of success in small quantities of coal, had been abandoned. Upon a second view, however, I looked and looked, but for the life of me could not make it out. It might be a leaf of mine—it might, on the other hand, be something else. A somewhat perplexed hesitation, perhaps, that some adventurous instinct like myself had lost in escaping through the tolerably long passage which led to the open atmosphere, which plays on poor mortals such tricks sometimes, at length decided me to enter. I was a man, cannot almost call me so—but I was a child. We take a thought into our head, and there is no help for it. I was grown older we are not always governed by reason. Whether it has the faculty consciousness—but I found myself upon the other and inner side of the narrow passage. I never shall forget my feelings the next moment. What I had expected was dark and dreaded was true. The upper rock had settled still further, and left so little space that it seemed scarcely possible for me to retrace the way I had come. Fearing, however, that the rock might settle yet still further, I threw myself involuntarily as it were upon the ground, and attempted to crawl back again. But in vain—my shoulders stuck tight, and I could not force them through. After trying, as I thought, at least half an hour, to find some way of placing my body that would enable me to escape, I turned away from the hole with—I confess it candidly—tears in my eyes, and sobbed as I lay stretched upon the ground like a very child. Imagine yourself in such a situation, kind reader, and wish your own heart whether you probably would have acted a more manly part. Remember, too, that the change was so sudden, almost from a confident to the happiest that man can enjoy in this world, that of the just wedded husband, to a state of suffering of the most terrible and hopeless character. From almost within the sound of my voice, had it not been for that fearful wall of stone, stood that young girl in her youth and beauty and perfect happiness, to whom she would have died to save, lay shut apart forever from her, and doomed almost inevitably to die before many days, by the swift and sure aid of terrible privations of ungrafted hunger. The thought was terrible—and I am not ashamed to say, that for a time I cried like a child, without my gloomy prison.

Suddenly the thought came into my mind, that the shaft, inasmuch as it ran upward, possibly might have an outlet. I started up and grasped my self with the impulsively through the darkness, but I had not proceeded far before I felt the cold earth wall which closed up further progress in that direction. Still, as I was convinced that the shaft was one that had been worked only a short time, and then abandoned, I felt you thus calmly, for why should I pain my self by conjuring up the horrors of the hideous phantom of that terrible hour. When I found myself bolted in this last hope, I threw myself again on the ground in a paroxysm of fear and despair, which rendered me for a time almost insensible.

How long I remained in this state of apathy I know not (for my watch had unfortunately been stopped in my first efforts to escape from my prison house)—but when I came to myself, I judged that the afternoon was already far spent, for the light of the cavern seemed more dim and wary. It was early in the morning that we had started forth—and by this time my companions had doubtless become alarmed at my absence, and were searching in every quarter for me. And yet, I thought, they might as may be as fortunate as to hear of this old abandoned shaft. And Mary! what agony must she have endured—she, who my beloved one! and to think that I shall never see her more! the thought was a stinging one, and I attempted to crawl through the aperture and this time I thought for an instant I would have succeeded—I had stripped my shoulders to the skin. But my frame was too large—I moved myself along until the blood ran down from the lacerated flesh—but still in vain, and faint and exhausted I lay down on my back to rest.

Time and again I tried to force a passage between the rocks: I dug into the earth at the sides of the shaft to see if it were not possible to form a passage in that manner—I roamed up and down the mine, hoping to find what I had no hope to find—some other outlet than the clear bright world beyond—for again it seemed comparatively light in the cavern—and I concluded I must have worn out the night in my unceasing endeavors to escape. And now, too, I began to feel the cravings of hunger—for God! how I had started forth—and by this time my companions had doubtless become alarmed at my absence, and were searching in every quarter for me. And yet I thought, they might be

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Original Poetry.

LINES TO A DECEASED BROTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WM. BELTER, JR.

I often think of thee, my brother dear,
And to thy memory give a silent tear,
For everything seems strangely changed here,
Since you have gone.

I miss thee from us, and my heart is sad,
For well I recall to mind the leader bad,
Whose many brightness made the saddest glad
When you were here.

When night was come,
And thou and I, together of did play,
While our young hearts with joyful glee, were gay;
And report and gambol kept sad care at bay,
Then.

No more, no more shall I behold thy face,
No more shall meet with every manly grace,
Yet though thou'rt gone, old Time can ne'er efface
From out my mind
The image—as, it never can depart—
It is indelible upon my heart.
Round every feeling of my soul, thou art
You close entwined.

I do not wish thee back, my brother, no—
And would not have thee for my love's care and woe.
Which e'en the best and brightest sometimes know
Here below.

No, thou art happy now, thy soul's at rest
Under some of God's own, where everything is blest,
And not a wave rolls o'er thy peaceful breast
Of quiet or care.

A Capital Tale.

FROM "THE FOUNTAIN," A FORTHCOMING ANNUAL.

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

BY E. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," &C., &C.

[Our readers will perceive by our "Terms of Subscription," that we have made an arrangement with the publishers of "The Fountain," a splendid Annual of 1847, by which we can furnish it to any of our subscribers who may wish an elegant gift book for the coming New Year. As a sample of the excellence of its contents, we quote, by permission, the following admirable story.]

CHAPTER I.

"Walter wishes to be married in church," said Cora Selwyn, addressing her mother and sisters, as they were seated, one morning, together in their dressing-room.

"In church!" exclaimed Annie. "what an idea! Why not married, pa and all, to-day?"

"No matter what put it in," said Augusta, laughing; "he must put it out, for weddings in church are delectable. Sue Hargrave's was as solemn as a funeral.

"Oh, yes," echoed Annie, "and besides, full dress is so unbecoming in the morning! I'll never wear the hour and after the arrangements, we must have either dresses for six to wearing those we have on, or in a dining, cold church, I won't do for me."

"Oh nonsense!" said Augusta, pettishly, "tell Walter to leave us to arrange matters. Men always need, during what they call their courtship, to be mollified.

"I think my love," said Mrs. Selwyn, "if had better take place in the evening, according to the original plan."

"To be sure if had," echoed in Anne, decidedly. That is a most absurd whim of Walter's. After you have spoken to your bridesmaids, too, and have got the dresses all made, I don't see what difficulties it makes to him the when or the how the ceremony takes place. For my part, the in the time I ever heard of anything more delightful during the arrangements."

"He did not mean to dictate at all Annie," said Cora, reflecting; "he merely expressed the wish, and I suppose, as it is the bridegroom's right, we must humor him, and of course he will leave us entire as to the time."

Cora looked pleased from the bosom of the young ladies, who had been not a little shocked by having all their visions of gaiety dashed by the sober and quiet proposal of their brother in-law elect, and to the consultation was resumed, and wedding guests counted, and the supper planned, with as much animation and spirit as if their prospects had received no check from the open and avowed wishes of one of the persons most interested in the event. Cora, the groom himself.

When he called according to custom, in the evening, the Misses Selwyn were busily occupied at a round table, writing invitations. He glanced at one of them, and as he turned away said, a little gravely:

"It is to be to the evening, then?"

"Oh, yes," replied Cora, "the girls would not hear of any thing else, and as I did not suppose you cared much about it, I yielded."

Now Walter Stanley did care about it, for he was a modest, quiet young man, and the idea of being married in a crowd, made him decidedly nervous. He could not, however, contend the point with his bride and her family, so he had only to wish most fervently that the day was over, and pass to another matter that interested him much.

His old friend Robert Randale has just arrived. I did not think he would have been here these two months and I was really to see him to-day. He is just in time, for I have not yet asked Rutledge to be my groomsman. I called upon him yesterday, for that purpose, but fortunately as it turns out, he was not at home, and now I wish to ask Robert as his place, if you have no objections."

"Certainly not, dearest Cora," say me that you are so much attached to, I shall be happy to see Annie, though, will be a little disappointed to have Rutledge—and—not handing bridesmaid, hence, she left her lover and crossed over to the table where her sisters were busily writing, fishing, and wealing, and said something in a low tone to Annie, to which she replied, rapidly.

"And who is he to stand up with? Not with me, for one. Walter can ask him to be chosen his groomsman—only you don't have me for bridesmaid. I shall not stand up with Robert Randale, I can tell him."

"And pray, is Tom Rutledge not to be asked at all?" exclaimed Augusta, who had heard the last idea, for Tom Rutledge was one of the most elegant and fashionable young men about town, and decidedly a favorite with the ladies. In fact, the chief end and object of the wedding, in their minds was the having him as Annie's groomsman; and when Mrs. Selwyn ventured a little timid hint that he pointed at this change, for Rutledge, beside being to the daughter's taste, suited the mother's views. He was a good match, as well as a good looking one, and she had been very well pleased with the prospect of the increasing intimacy between the young people that the wedding festivities promised.

Let him stand up with Miss Cranstown," said Mrs. Selwyn, looking up as if that was a height also that obviated all difficulties.

"Oh, no," said Annie, impatiently, "that will never do. She is such a quiet thing, that if she is put off with Robert Randale, and I stand with Rutledge, she will be sure to have something dis agreeable to say."

Why such an amiable young lady, or one at least who was held in such a pleasing light by her young friends, should be asked to perform an office generally supposed to be filled by those nearest or dearest to the bride, may perhaps puzzle those not well acquainted with the details of a fashionable marriage. For the benefit of those so unenlightened, we will merely hint, that Miss Cranstown's family being not only rich, but one of the gayest of the gay (hope to which they belonged, a party for the bride followed, as a matter of course, wherever she officiated as bridesmaid.

"I don't know what we can do," said Augusta, for between you and Cora, Robert Randale is a horror. We need not tell Walter so, but he is, and besides, he knows nobody. How we shall manage with him, when you are company, is more than I can imagine."

"We cannot," said Annie, decidedly. "I don't see why Walter should not have a say in the matter. He never said anything about him before. Who can be the matter Cora go on as they have been all arranged before?"

"Randale has just arrived," said Cora, "so I suppose his trunks are not unpacked. If you like, I will send him word that he must come to-day, and we will have had he come a day later he could not have thought of him at all, for he just missed Rutledge, upon whom he called yesterday."

"How unfortunate!" ejaculated Augusta.

"I wish it heavens he had," said Annie.

"Walter cannot have any thing to say when Randale," continued Cora, "as he is such an excellent, warm-hearted—"

"I dare say," interrupted Annie, "but you know all that is not the point just now. He is the most awkward person imaginable, and so embarrassed, and confused. Oh, invite him to the wedding and that will do. You can ask him to dinner, too, if Walter makes such a point about it, but really as to his taking Rutledge's place, Walter must not think of it."

"Well," said Cora, reluctantly, half-persuaded by her sister, and yet unwilling to disappoint her lover, "tell Walter so yourself, Annie, I leave the matter in your hands."

"Very well," said Annie, stoutly. "I am not afraid. Here, Mr. Walter Stanley," she called out playfully, "your presence is wanted," and Walter quitted Mr. Selwyn, with whom he had been talking during this discussion, and crossing the room, joined the circle at the table.

"Have you any idea, hope, or expectation," she continued, in the same gay tone, "of being married to-day?"

"I have not only such an idea and hope, but the strongest expectation of it," he replied, smiling.

"Then," said Annie, "you must take a comfort straw in our path, for we have so much to do and are so hurried, that we have not time to pick them up."

"What have I been doing?" he inquired, seriously.

"Twice to-day," she continued, with mock gravity, "you have upset all our plans with your interference and changes. I wish you would be a little too much for the patience of any set of ladies. You should have thought at your friend, Mr. Randale, before you had asked him to be groomsman, and told them who the groomsmen are to be, if is too late to settle matters differently. Ask he tried to laugh at his embarrassment, but it was him a note in mamma's name—"

Stanley looked disconcerted, and answered slowly.

"I am sadly afraid I have, but, for I true Robert will be hurt—"

"Tell him you are sorry he did not arrive before, and postponed for he have him next time," said Annie, laughing.

But Walter could not laugh. He was mortified and disappointed, and showed his chagrin so decidedly, that Annie exclaimed.

"I'm sure I had, echoed in Anne, decidedly. That is a most absurd whim of Walter's. After you have spoken to your bridesmaids, too, and have got the dresses all made, I don't see what difficulties it makes to him the when or the how the ceremony takes place. For my part, the in the time I ever heard of anything more delightful during the arrangements."

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1846.

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We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and moral evening companion throughout the year, and trust they will do their parts, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a Christian precept, and one for all occupations—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire, surely the publisher, who gives as much for so little, is the man. We trust this appeal to the conscientious and punctual of our subscribers, will not be without effect—for if not every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she owes the printer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hiram to the Muse, is received. We thank our friend for his encouraging words. We must decline the "Autobiography" for the very basis that he himself requests it. He should not send anything to us that he himself wishes to keep secret, and unknown. We do not know exactly where to lay our hands on the Poet-ry, but we will endeavor to find it. It would serve as a great deal of trouble if our friends would always keep copies of their pieces.

Remarks from various sources shall most of them appear in our next number.

THE EDITOR, is accepted.

"FAMILY INTERFERENCE."

Let no one fail to read the capital story with the above title, on our first page. It is one of the best by the accomplished authoress of those works, and she has hit off a common error, so hundreds will laughingly testify to the title.

HANGING IN THE NAVY.

Our readers will doubtless remember that a sailor was lately recently on board one of our vessels-of-war in the Gulf of Mexico, for striking an officer.

We intended upon the receipt of the account to have taken some notice of the case, but in the press of business, forgot it, until it was called to our attention a few days ago by a landsman friend through the news of city, in which the proceeding in question was alluded to in terms of strong censure.

We have not seen in any of the papers, a full statement of the circumstances attendant upon the offence perpetrated by the sailor, and therefore do not know whether there are any facts in the case to mitigate or lessen his guilt. But we must say, that if the regulations of our navy are such, that the simple fact of striking an officer, without regard to the amount of provocation received, is to be punished with an ignominious death, it is high time that those regulations were changed. We do not believe that discipline is all important on board a ship of war, and we do not therefore attempt to argue that any possible aggravation on the part of an officer, can justify an individual beneath him for a personal assault; but we do mean to assert, that the punishment of hanging for such an offence, especially if the officer in the indulgence of "his little brief authority," has forgotten that law and moderation is a safer mean, is most unjust and cruel. We extract the following account of the revolting scene on board the St. Mary's from the Tribune, in the hope of enlightening our readers as to what spectacles are witnessed sometimes on board our ships of war.

The Charter granted by the executive were consumed and solemn, a regular programme having been issued by Commodore Conner, and circulated through the squadron several days previously.

All leave to the different vessels was forbidden for the day, and the crews were directed to assemble on board the Saint Mary's at eleven A. M., the festival. Propare to receive the sentence of the Court Martial, was discharged at the mizzen of the Cumberland, when a yellow flag was hoisted at the most peak some of the Marine Officers and the executioner made a circle as the anchorage were then marshaled on deck, and distributed in such places as would be available them to hide as much of the spectacle in view as possible. Here they were kept in readiness for active service for more than half an hour, when the same signal that I before mentioned was hoisted, announced the preparation, and the entire crew of the squadron was very materially enlarged on Saturday. In a few moments more the unfortunate victim his appearance on the "topgallant forecastle" of the Saint, attended by two of those officers with the Master-at-Arms of the ship, and by Rev. Mr. Wyatt, the Chaplain of the Cumberland, standing over the lowermost railing on the scaffold, which had been erected there for the occasion. The prisoner stood himself on the railing, apparently at a signal of serious obligation, and the Master's Mate who had charge of the rope then fixed the fatal noose around his neck, leading along the yard into the mainmast, where it was through another block, and was made fast to a weight near the lower deck railing.

At the same additional moment of suspense had been afforded upon the thousand of spectators, a final signal was given, and the gun over which the unfortunate had been secured, at the same instant a human form was seen to shoot through the air, and then character to the ground. When the body reached the yard arm, it was found to be so short, that the force of gravity was not sufficiently into the air. But upward, and subsequently against the lower block, and then after a few moments of convulsive motion, the body hung lifeless, a tangling of the limbs.

Now, we are with all proper respect for the officers and crew charged the hideous exercise, whether a due regard for his own character, does not demand that some further explanation of this affair be given than the meaning that has been given in the official statement that the offender had struck an officer. And if his reply be, as we suppose it will be, that he was provoked by the boy, and an insult to his manhood and most aggravated shape, is punishable with death, then we appeal to all humane men, whether such a law is not a disgrace to a Republican government. In some minor cases in a crowd, a man may be provoked to the last point, and then commit the instant and necessity of severe penalties. But in a case so individual and circumstance, the result is a murder, and a murder which is not justified by any law of humanity, and which is not justified by any law of humanity, and which is not justified by any law of humanity, and

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Hartford street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Virginia, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Morgan, Jr., Wm. Long, and Wm. Gilmore, in the Valley of the Ohio; Thomas C. Hamilton, O. H. Cincinnati; T. Gardner, Louisville; E. F. Levengood, F. J. Hunt and Gen. W. Brown.*

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars) is remitted, is deputed, wood gives a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the sum(s), and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master whom the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the name of the person paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited with the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Madison, Ind., September 15, 1845.

Received from *John Harkey*, two dollars for newspaper, (or magazine) to be paid to *Robert Shields*, at Philadelphia.

Subscribers are urged to come to our Post Offices and get receipts as above, as we are compelled to write them one by the next mail. Be ready at any moment. Do not delay. Any Post Master can give the receipt legally and correctly after attending deliberately to the above directions.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Madison, Ind., September 15, 1845.

Received from *John Harkey*, two dollars for newspaper, (or magazine) to be paid to *Robert Shields*, at Philadelphia, which I have deposited with the Post Master at Philadelphia, to whom you are to send receipts for the same.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can remember, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

The following is an extract of a letter from the Hon. Mr. Pinkney, which states the case:

"I am within ten miles of the march of the Squadron, and should have called on you again before I left Talbot, but for the fact that I am now confined to my bed with a violent attack of rheumatism, which has come on since I left Washington, and commenced her trip. Up to that time I had enjoyed uninterrupted health, and expected during her broadside at sea to be one of the officers of the quarter deck. I long continued in the Forward mess, and was exploding her Paixhan guns with the best of them. Many of them we stove, others cracked, and a large number of them we saved. One shot from a Paixhan gun on the Forward deck was considered, but then for all these the morning arrival of our boats announced the fact. We were to be supported by the Squadron of Evolution, and was exploding her Paixhans on the Forward deck, when a shot from one of them we stove

Selected Poetry.

THE FAREWELL.

The sun is in the West,
The stars are on the sea,
Each kindly friend has gone,
And none farewell to me.
Our cup of parting
'Tis the darkest I can sip,
And Thou pledged them every one
With mockery and wile my lip.
But I seem to thee the best
That I to anyone may be,
Then look upon the past
Together, and I go.
I am clear in my calling,
When my heart was like the fly,
Which on its airy wing
Spurns the low-lying memory by.
I loved thee with the love
Of a wild and burning boy,
The being was essence
With my grief and wish my joy.
Then want to see a star
In the absence of the night,—
A thing to view from far
With a tear and a delight.
That hour of joy is gone—
When men from most departs,
The days wrong kind absence
May call the anguished home.
So use may stain the eye,—
And their parting look must be
Like the stillness of the sky,
Into the storm has swept the sea.
But when you say farewell
To her I love the best,
Tell her I am well,
Nor blame the sincerest breast.

I would see the sun upon
Should ever reach thine eye—
I've smiles for man's notions,
For thee sweetness a sigh.
Nor would I when thy brow
Looks joyous and happy,
That the thought of me should come
To sadden thy heart.
I would dwell a thing apart,
For thy spirit to journey,
A light within thy heart,
A shadow on thine eye.

But talkest thou dare wait!
And though no hope be given,
The thought of thee shall be a spell
To guide my heart in heaven,
And the memory of thee—
What the dare is to be,
It shall come as gratefully;
In the hour of my agony
It shall be mine a less boon:
I keep within a tomb,
To turn, though all around,
To light, though but a gloom.

When the clouds in round thy dwelling,
And the storms in the sea,
When the breeze is o'er thee swelling,
And the landscape dark and drear,
When no lover is beside thee
To flatter and to woo,
When there be none to guide thee,
And many to beguile,
When wilderness is the token,
And all unlisted the chase,
When a fish sweeping, unbroken,
I will kneel to thee again.

Choice Selections.

THE PANTHER.

The Peoria Register, a paper which frequently instructs and amuses us with anecdotes connected with the settlement of the western country, furnishes us with the following sketch, which it says was related by a gentleman of great respectability living near the spot where the circumstance occurred.

In the latter part of that bloody tragedy which opened dismay throughout this part of the State, there were about nine hundred Indians encamped on the Illinois River, opposite to the present town site of De Salle, composed principally of the Iroquois tribe. They had always maintained a friendly intercourse with the whites in the vicinity, and had manifested a great partiality for one in particular. This was "*Old Myers*," a perfect prototype of Cooper's trapper. His name was not Myers, but as he had resorted his hut in advance of the white population. He had, of course, acquired more of the habits of the Indians than of civilized life, and was best known among them as "The Panther"—a title which he had acquired from them by a daring exploit in killing an animal of that name, when leading them in one of their wild hunts. At the same time one of these Indians rallied under the Black Hawk standard, and were committing many depredations upon the settlers in the vicinity. When reproached for not launching to another their former friends and companions. About the cabin of the Panther, nearly a hundred settlers had come in for the shelter of the stockade fortress, the rest of them under his protection. But among the victims of savage butchery there happened to be a brother-in-law of the Panther, with his wife and three children. Here they committed an unpardonable outrage upon the family of their ancient friend and dear savage. When the war tidings of their cruelties had reached the garrison, the Panther was seen clothing himself in battle array. With his rifle, his tomahawk, and his scalping knife, it upon day, he silently bent his way to the Indian quarters, about one mile distant. Fearlessly he marched into the midst of the camp, and, levelled his rifle at the head chief present, and deliberately killed him on the spot. He then severed the hideous head from the trunk, and held it up by the hair before the awestruck multitude, exclaiming:—"You have murdered my brother, his wife, and their children in cold blood, and now I have killed your chief. I am now even with you; but," added he, "every one of you that is found here in encamped morning at sunrise is a dead Indian. All that was accomplished by the Panther without the least molestation. They have stood by a promise to take vengeance for their deed of blood—and silently acknowledged the justice of the daring act. He then bore off the head in triumph to his cabin.

The next morning not an Indian could be found in all that region. They left forever their homes and their dead, and that part of the State has not been molested by them since.

A few weeks since this veteran of eighty winters sold his claim, and, experienced with the same hunting-shirt and weapons which he wore when he killed the chief started for Missouri. After travelling a few rods, he returned and asked permission to give his "grand pull." The gentleman to whom he had sold the land gave his consent, he gave a long, loud and shrill whoop, that made the welkin ring for miles around. "Now," said he, "my blessing is on the land and on you; your ground will always yield an abundance, and you will always prosper."

Again he took up his march for a new home in the wilderness, where he could enjoy the happiness of solitude, undisturbed by social ties.

"THE RAGING CANAWL."

The following sketch, has already had a pretty general circulation,—but it as good that it will bear frequent repetition, and always raise a laugh.

It has been the tortune of many to travel on the canal, when its calm waters slept in tranquility, and the breath of the summer air scarcely ruffled or ripple on its bosom. But when Old Boreas has awakened from his slumbers, and is stalking furiously over its dangerous depths, lashing the waves to madness, throwing up huge billows upon its banks, and howling through the rigging in concert with whirlpools, with threatening water spouts and roaring tornadoes, at such a time, we question who that many have dared the dangers and peril of the Raging Canawl!

It was a calm night in June, where it was my fortune to be travelling with a goodly number of passengers, upon that staunch and thorough ass boat, the "Dolly Maria." Naught was heard to break the silence, save the strong respiration in the cabin, which she seemed combined to roll the deep eternal base of Nature's Anthem, in one general snore, which shook the boat from stem to stern, and reverberated along the wooded banks like matinated thunder. The gods were sleeping! Neptune who navigated the boat, was dispersed about the deck of the noble craft, and the skipper was passing by the gangway, quietly smoking his cutty, and nodding! he stopped short in his walk, and his eyes rested upon a small cloud which appeared in the Western horizon; and was growing blacker and larger every moment. He gazed but a moment, and then his voice rang with clear and startling tones—

"Every man to his post!"

"Ay, ay," growled the old tenter dogs, who were scot ready for the approaching storm.

Shortly it burst upon us in all its violence.

"Haul up your helm!"

"Ay, ay," growled the old mariner at the stern, and she rode the gale nobly; but evidently a heavy sea was given her a wide berth," which carried away the wash-dish, and dashing the crash, the gallant craft began to stagger like a drunken man.

"Haul taught your hee-line—haw haul the main sailing pole and square away the vood boat!" thundered the captain, whose spirit seemed to rise superior to the emergency.

The storm was now terrific, the vessel running mountain high, and the captain, with the assistance of the tow path, and it was soon seen that the Dolly Maria was no match for such a tempest, and was gradually fleeting backward.

"Snubben ahead!" shouted the boat bleckt.

"Where away?"

"Over the off bow lock!" was answered.

The decisive moment had now come, and the captain saw that desperate measures alone would avail, and through the canal have shouted—

"Snubbenon, take another tack in your cussed timbles. Cook, double reef the stove pipe, and get up more steam in the tea-kettle. Cut away the gang-way. Fast the mizzen jib-boom. Unship the luffkull, and fly the Jolly Roger boom."

But still the anchor dragged, the danger was every moment becoming more imminent, the roar of the breakers more distinctly heard, and orders were given to light the skiff.

Discharge overboard your tobacco quids, every man of you. Siewan's brow overboard the boat, jack and codles pot," upon which she was promptly lightened, the anchor weighed, and a feeble gleam of light and hope broke upon our despairing souls.

But soon came the appalling cry, "the boat hower has parted, and we are all adrift." Then all hops was gone, and a wild shriek rose above the raging storm, when the vessel struck the rocks, and the captain, exhorting us to be quiet, for we might yet be saved. The low line had been secured to a stout post and rail chance on shore, a running bow line was got upon the cut water, a double turn was taken upon the caboose, the helm jammed hard a port, and the vessel headed hence more brought up in the wind, rode out the gale in safety.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

[A correspondent at Edinburg of the New York Tribune, gives the following characteristic anecdote of Burns:—]

A Scottish gentleman told me the following story, which would afford the finest subject for a painter capable of representing the glowing eye and natural kindness of Burns, in contrast to the poor, mean poppets of society.

Burns, still only in the dawn of his celebrity, was invited to dine with one of the neighboring so-called gentry, (although it seems void of true gentle blood.) On arriving, he found his plate set in the servants' room!! After dinner he was invited into a room where the guests were assembled, and a chair being placed for him at the lower end of the board, a glass of wine was offered, and he was requested to sing one of his songs for the entertainment of the company. He drank off the wine and thundered forth in reply his grand song "For a' that, and a' that," with which it will do no harm to refresh the memories of our readers, for we doubt there may be, even in Republican America, those who need the reproof as much, and with far less excuse, than had that Scottish company.

"Ye three for honour poverty,
That hings his head, and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that;
The knowledge wanting at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's above his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignitar, and a' that,
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the wide world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

And, having finished this prophecy and prayer, Nature's noblemen left his churlish entertainers to hide their diminished heads in the home they had disgraced.

For the Ladies.

FEMALE TRIALS.

Really we think the ladies are all breaking out at once—as if they had held in until they could "stand it" no longer. The following is about the best bold account of the trials that married ladies have to undergo that we have yet met with—and we therefore publish it with the proud thought that we can now accuse us of not being willing to do our share, in calling attention to the woes which affect the fairest and sweetest portion of creation.

My heart always "does within me" when I read selections made by Editors of newspapers, which are designed for married ladies, setting forth our duty with relation to "making home happy to our husbands, that we should always welcome them with a cheerful smile when they come in from the cold, sacred hearth, throw a load, &c. Now we make married life pleasant to them," &c. Now, for myself, I acknowledge, and I must confess daily to endure as good a theory to practice. But allow me to inquire if the cares and fatigues of the wife should always—I might say ever—appreciated by the husband?

Shall I give a short sketch of domestic life as it is, not of course describing a lady in high circles, but I wish to give a fair example of every day life, at home.

My neighbor, Mr. Benson, is a lawyer by profession, is what the world calls a respectable man. His income is small, but he married a lady who was able to furnish their small house handsomely, and they have some hope of prosperity in reversion. Mr. B. was educated in modern times, and soon what fashionably; so that the host of wells, which ignorant young boys-keepers "are lost to," came thick and fast upon her, when she started upon the decidedly pilgrimage of matrimonial life.

But she had firm principles, energy of character, and resolved to have her husband's good opinion, if it was in her power, and always cost a length.

She had been brought up in the country, and was quite an heiress in